applied to them by different writers, but all such names rank as synonyms according to the law of priority.

Popular Names.—Common English nam^s for butterflies are much in vogue in England and Scotland, and there is no reason why English names should not be given to butterflies, as well as to birds and to plants. In the following pages this has been done to a great extent. I have used the names coined by Dr. S. H. Scudder and by others, so far as possible, and have in other cases been forced myself to coin names which seemed to be appropriate, in the hope that they may come ultimately to be widely used. The trouble is that ordinary people do not take pains to observe and note the distinctions which exist among the lower animals. The vocabulary of the common farmer, or even of the ordinary professional man, is bare of terms to point out correctly the different things which come under the eye. All insects are " bugs " to the vulgar, and even the airy butterfly, creature of grace and light, is put into the same category with roaches and fleas. Apropos of the tendency to classify as "bugs " all things which creep and are small, it may be worth while to recall the story, which Frank Buckland tells in his " Log-book of a Fisherman and Naturalist/' of an adventure which he had, when a school-boy, at the booking-office of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company in Dover. He had been for a short trip to Paris, and had bought a monkey and a tortoise. Upon his return from sunny France, as he was getting his ticket up to London, Jocko stuck his head out of the bag in which his owner was carrying him. The ticket-agent looked down and said, " You will pay half-fare for him." " How is that? " exclaimed young Buckland. " Well, we charge half-fare for dogs/' " But this is not a dog," replied the indignant lad; "this is a monkey." "Makes no difference," was the answer; "you must pay half-fare

for him."
Reluctantly the silver was laid upon the counter. Then, thrusting his hands into the pocket of his greatcoat, Buckland drew forth the tortoise, and, laying it down, asked, "How much do you charge for this?" The ancient receiver of fares furbished his spectacles, adjusted them to his nose, took a long look, and replied, "We don't charge nothin' for them; them 's insects."
It is to be hoped that the reader of this book will in the end have a clearer view of facts as to the classification of animals than was possessed by the ticket-agent at Dover,